

Evening World's Figure Improvement Contest

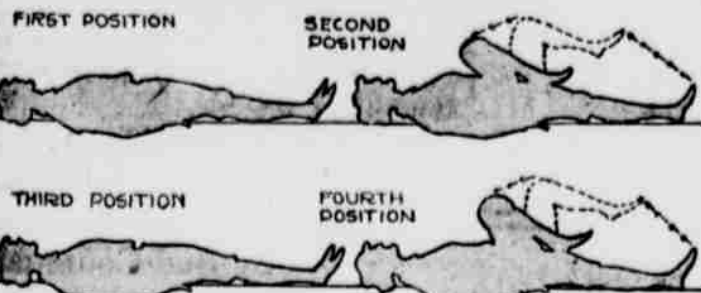
Diet and Exercise Lessons in New Courses for Stout Women Who Wish to Reduce and Thin Women Who Desire to Develop Their Figures.

Conducted by Pauline Furlong.

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REDUCING EXERCISE—NO. IV.

For Description Read To-Day's Lesson



Reducing Course. Lesson IV.

Too much cannot be said about the good effects that physical culture exercises have on the digestive and eliminative organs, which must be in condition before beauty of face and form can be attained. Number four lesson for stout readers shows another mat exercise for aiding these vital organs in their important work, and a few minutes' daily practice of the exercises will be sufficient to keep any one in good physical condition.

A class of six stout women who wish to reduce their weight and one of six thin women who desire to gain weight, for eight weeks are competing for two prizes of \$50 each, to be awarded the woman in each class who accomplishes the greatest improvement in her figure. They will follow the courses of diet and exercise lessons prepared by Miss Furlong and published daily for the benefit of all EVENING WORLD readers.

are about thirty-five pounds over weight and should reduce. As you are only nineteen years old you should take warning, or else you will be a little, round fat woman ten years from now. It is true that the corset and some clothes, too, do hide a multitude of defects.

BEEF SUET IN PLACE OF BUTTER.—E. K. L. If you really like butter, eat it on your bread. It is nutritious and wholesome and certainly much cheaper than butter and similar in many ways, being a raw product of the cow.

SUGAR SUBSTITUTES.—IRENE D. Saccharine, sweetena and crystalline are some sugar substitutes. They are usually dissolved in warm water and then added to dried fruits and other dishes to sweeten them for the obesity diet. Do not eat sugar.

SELF-CONSCIOUS.—RUTH C. The less you think about yourself and the more you think about the things you are doing, the better. There is nothing physically or mentally wrong with you. Just forget yourself when you are talking with people and pay attention to what they are saying to you.

SUGGESTED MENU.
LUNCH: hot water and lemon juice half hour before breakfast.
DINNER: Bluepoints, broiled calves liver, string beans, sauerkraut, stewed fruit.

HEALTH AND REDUCTION AIDS.

If the food is not digested the blood and tissues cannot be fed or renewed, and no woman can ever hope to attain health and a good figure if she is the victim of indigestion. Overeating causes more common disorders than almost anything known to the medical profession and is all but universal. Of course, the sedentary worker suffers more from this complaint than those who perform physical labor, so remember that physical activity itself creates not only the demand for, but the power to convert it into healthy tissue.

The stout woman must also properly assimilate the food that she eats if she would attain health, and it is a well known fact that many fat persons suffer from anemia and impoverished blood, although heavily burdened with superfluous fat. To-day's leg raising exercise stimulates all of the eliminative organs and increases the blood circulation to a remarkable degree. The leg raising exercise is a positive cure for obstinate cases of constipation and reduces the high stomach. After you have become a little more practiced, you may grasp the points of the bed, over and back of your head, and hold this tense position while raising the knees. This stretches the arm muscles and those at the sides and makes the knee raising finer and more tense. Still another form of this exercise and equally as effective, is formed by clasping the hands around each knee as it is raised.

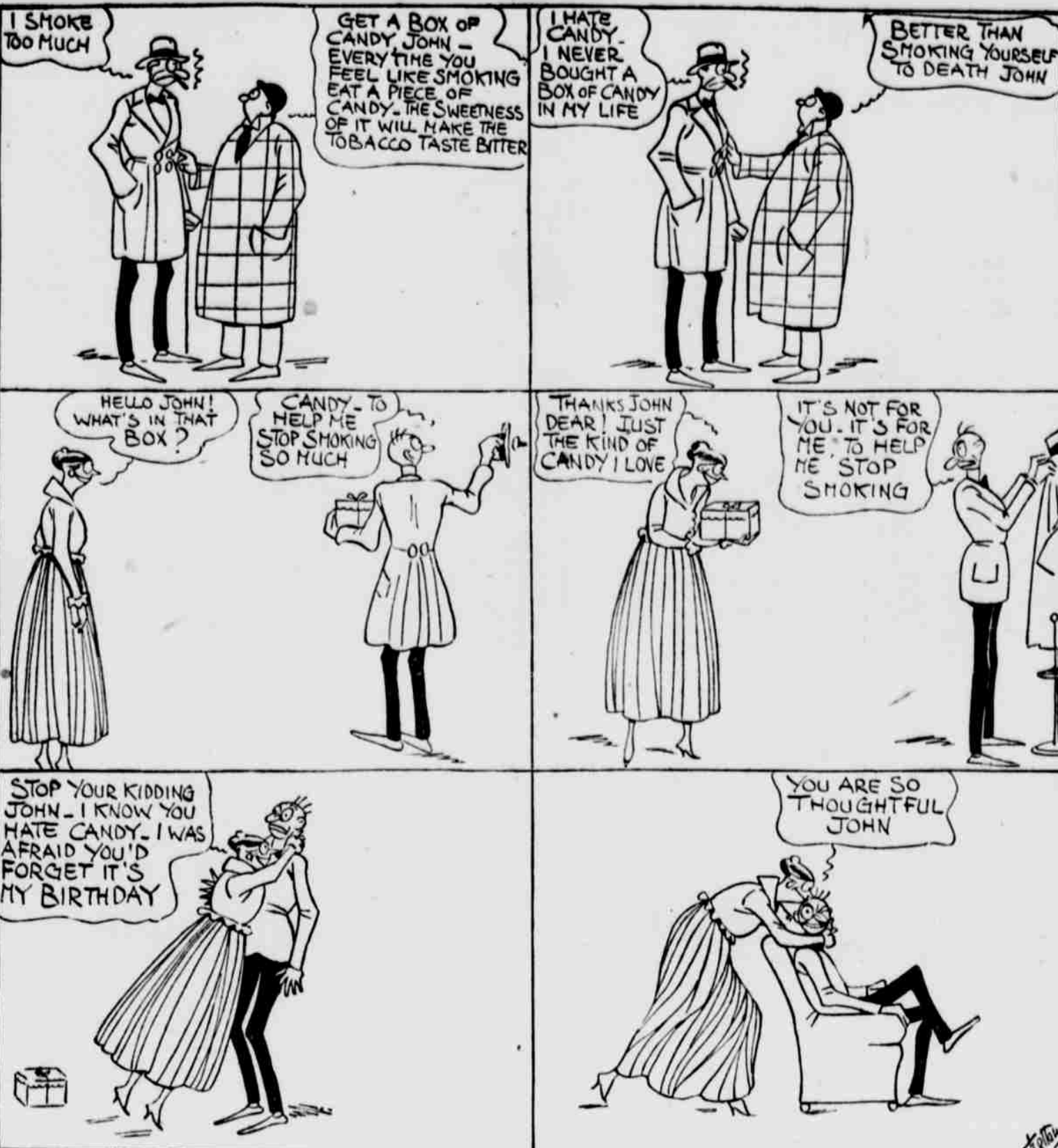
Answers to Queries.

INGROWING TOE NAILS.—GEORGE T.: Ingrowing toe nails, caused by wearing tight, ill-fitting shoes and narrow shoes, if neglected may become inflamed and fester. Soak feet in hot soapy water for ten minutes, dry them well and cut the nail in the center of the top and also scrape the top quite thin. Do not cut the corners, but place absorbent cotton, saturated with peroxide of hydrogen under them with a change of cotton. Repeat the operation each night, adding fresh cotton, and when the corners have worked their way out cut them off. Keep the nail cut V shaped and near sensible those on the feet will also relieve perspiration and bad odors.

WANTS MEASUREMENTS.—E. L.: The measurements you sent me are away off and are really those for one foot or five inches taller than you. Accept the bust measurement. You

Such Is Life!

By Maurice Kotten



THE DEATH THOUGHT

Craig Kennedy at His Best—Begin it To-Day

By Arthur B. Reeve

BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS.
The body of Mrs. Colton, once the victim of a fortune, is found in the river. Kennedy, who had been pursuing her, is found by the river. Kennedy, who had been pursuing her, is found by the river. Kennedy, who had been pursuing her, is found by the river.

CHAPTER VIII. The Drug Fiend.

Now, I could only keep quiet for a day or so," I told Kennedy.

"Keep quiet," he blurted out, "with that fellow at large? Why, every moment that I am quiet gives him just that added chance to commit other crimes—or get away. No, I shall go crazy if I have to keep quiet."

It was, I saw, no use. I might as well tell him now of Mrs. Colton's disappearance.

I had scarcely done so when the telephone rang. By the look on Kennedy's countenance I could see that something was wrong.

"It'll be there immediately," he snapped, as he hung up the receiver. "What, that was Mrs. McNell's telephone from the Stanley Arms, the apartment house where Mrs. Colton lives. She has just been found unconscious in her room. Call a cab while I finish dressing."

He came down carrying in his hand a little box in which were some rubber tubes, a couple of pieces of metal and a sort of rubber face mask which he examined carefully as we sped along. It did not take us many minutes to reach the Stanley Arms, a small and quiet place, with only a few apartments and a good deal of privacy and comfort, such as a woman of Mrs. Colton's tastes would be expected to like.

An ambulance was already there. We hurried upstairs, unannounced, and, seeing no one in the hall, I struck me that this was indeed a pleasant and quiet place. As we entered the maid was pouring forth her story to Mrs. McNell.

She had found her mistress in the bedroom, with the door locked as it was every night. The windows opening on a fire escape were closed and locked, just as the maid had locked them before she saw Mrs. Colton lock the door, which communicated with a semi-private hall.

It seemed to me strange that she should sleep thus without ventilation until the maid told how the old lady had lately been pursued by some fear, and had insisted at night on barricading herself against an unknown danger. But in spite of all her precautions, some one or something had gained access not only to the outer hall but presumably to her room. For there on the bed, cold and motionless, lay the form of the gentle old lady who had visited us in our laboratory.

"The woman is dead," whispered the ambulance surgeon to us, rising from his examination of the figure on the bed. "Asphyxiated, I should say, by some gas, although there does not seem to be any illuminating gas jet in this room."

"No, no," moaned the maid, who had overheard the whisper, "it is the fear—the fear—that killed her."

Craig made hasty inquiry as to what had been done, and the young doctor told him that he had used the Sylvester method and the Schaefer method, but with no effect. Rhythmic fraction of the tongue, stimulants, chest and heart massage, all the ordinary manual methods of infusing artificial respiration in the patient after the heart had ceased to beat had been tried. The woman was scientifically dead.

What was he to do? I recalled a case where Kennedy had used the new electric method of resuscitation in a case of asphyxiation and apparent death, but he had not his delicate apparatus here, nor was there time to get it. He rose from the examination of the woman with a look of silent desperation.

"There's a vacuum cleaner in the house," he asked.

The maid and the doctor hastened downstairs to get the portable machine from the little box which he had placed up in his basket in our apartment. The metal valves and the rubber cap. He attached the cleaner to the electric-light socket, and set it going.

"If there had been time," he remarked under his breath, as he worked feverishly, "I should have sent for the new vacuum pump which I have in my laboratory. A German device which works wonders. It would have been better, but the principle in what I am going to do is the same. There is not a minute to lose."

The apparatus which he was improvising consisted apparently of an ordinary vacuum cleaner, a sort of electro-magnet valve for turning on and off the flow of air at regular intervals of three or four seconds and an ether vaporizer. The valve was timed by a small clocklike mechanism.

No, there was just the slightest coloring of the cheeks. The young surgeon bent over and looked. There seemed to be a trace of a regular flow of blood. He tried again. Yes, there were weak heartbeats. They grew stronger. Respiration that bore a close resemblance to that of a healthy body was noticeable when Craig paused to see if his work had had effect. The eyes opened part way, and cleared perceptibly.

Mrs. Colton was saved. Science had triumphed over death.

"With rest and care, she will be as well as ever in a few hours," announced Kennedy. "I leave her to you, Mrs. McNell, and I shall suggest you get a nurse immediately. In the meantime don't touch a thing in this room. One can never tell what may give a clue."

Mrs. Colton had been made comfortable, and Kennedy was engaged in a painstaking search. Up and down the floor he worked his way, examining, testing, looking through a pocket lens, now and then dusting an article with a little gray powder in the hope of bringing out a finger print or two. But he had not the air of a man who was finding anything.

A low exclamation caused me to turn quickly from the window to observe what he was doing. He had cut a new lock out of the door into the hall, and had wrapped it up to carry away with him.

Kennedy took a needle and gently ran it into Mrs. Colton's thumb beside the nail. A few drops of blood oozed out. He soaked it up with a piece of gauze which the doctor had left, and took it with him. Quite evidently he was satisfied with what he had found.

"Walter," he cried, as we journeyed uptown to the laboratory, "I cannot help thinking that this is an ominous sign. The next thing is to find out what has become of her daughter, Marian. If you will drop off and inform O'Connor what has occurred, and then come up to the laboratory, I think I may have some news for you."

The police chief appeared to be as much surprised at what I told him as we had been. He had nothing himself to add, but over the wire he assured me that we could count on his help whenever Kennedy was ready to move.

When I rejoined Kennedy in the laboratory, he was working over the microscope, while by his side stood a rack of test tubes of various liquids. On the table before him lay the lock which he had cut from the door.

"What was it?" I asked, as I burst in eagerly. "Not radium, this time?" He shook his head as if to discourage conversation, without taking his eyes off the microscope through which he was scrutinizing. His lips were moving, as if he were counting.

Still without a word, he took up a test tube, and dropped into it a little liquid from a bottle on the shelf above the table. His face lighted up, and he regarded the reaction attentively for some time. Then he turned to me, still holding the tube.

"Nitrous oxide," he said.

"I must simply state that a test of the blood of Mrs. Colton shows that she was poisoned by nitrous oxide gas. You remember the sample of blood which I brought from Mrs. Colton's room, and this is my conclusion."

"To be specific, in this case I found by microscopic examination that the number of corpuscles in her blood was vastly above the normal, something like between seven and eight million, or nearly twice that of ordinary blood. Yes, she was poisoned by this gas."

"But with all the doors and windows locked?" I asked skeptically.

"Manifestly," said Kennedy, "if no one could have come in by the windows or doors, how else was the gas administered, without some one entering the room? I found no traces of an intruder. The keyhole, I thought, I cut away the entire lock, and have submitted it to these tests."

"Some one came to Mrs. Colton's door in the night, after gaining entrance to the hall. This person found the door locked, knew it would be locked, knew that Mrs. Colton always locked it through fear, and slept with the key under her pillow, knew also, no doubt, that she always closed and locked the windows, knew that she was living in constant fear of disaster. Knowing that such was the case, this person came prepared, bringing perhaps, a tank of compressed nitrous oxide, certainly the materials for making the gas expeditiously."

"Through the keyhole a stream of the gas was injected. It soon rendered her unconscious, and that would have been all if the person had been satisfied. A little bit more gas must have been enough. But the person was not satisfied. The intention was not to overcome, but to kill. The stream of gas was kept up until the room was full of it. For some reason she had escaped death, for the gas must have leaked slowly. Fortunately it did give my improvised pump a chance. Why the person did not succeed in giving her enough gas I don't know. Perhaps it ran out."

"But who is it?" I asked, as I burst in eagerly. "Not radium, this time?" He shook his head as if to discourage conversation, without taking his eyes off the microscope through which he was scrutinizing. His lips were moving, as if he were counting.

"We are pretty close to that criminal," was the reply, "providing we do not spread the net in sight of the quarry."

CHAPTER IX. The Psychopathic Ward.

I WAS looking in amazement at the comparatively simple means that Kennedy had used to accomplish the tracing out of what had occurred and wondering whether it would all lead. A tap at the door roused me, and I opened it. A man, a stranger, stood there. He touched his hat as he entered.

"Is this Prof. Kennedy?" he inquired.

Craig replied that it was.

"I am from the psychopathic ward of the hospital, sir," the man explained. "A helper, sir."

"You encouraged Kennedy. 'What can I do for you?'"

"A Miss Brownlow has just been brought in," he said, "and she is calling for you."

"Miss Brownlow?" repeated Kennedy, jumping up. "Why, Walter, that is our friend, the first student. What has happened to her? What does she want of me?"

"The helper did not know, and we had to curb our impatience until we reached the hospital. Developments were coming so fast that we did not wish to get out of touch with things for a moment. As we hurried out, Craig left word that if any one called he was to be found at the hospital."

Miss Brownlow had been found during the night wandering aimlessly about the city, hatless, and with little money. It was impossible at a glance to tell just in what class she fell, whether a drug taker or insane. Closer examination would have inclined one to the former opinion, for as she lay nearly exhausted on the white bed of the ward we could see that her eyes were glazed and dilated, her pulse quick, and that she was, in fact, only half conscious, moaning and groaning, not in physical pain so much as mental.

"Oh, sir," she was raving, as we entered softly with the physician in charge. "I have been thought six feet underground, just like the rest. Save me—it is the death thought."

Here it was again. I murmured under my breath. Kennedy turned to the doctor.

"Suffering from dope," replied the physician, "not to disturb the patient. Chloral, hyosine, and cannabis indica—hashish the latter is the one of the most recent combinations used by the dope fiends. She was calling for a Prof. Kennedy, and I looked you up in the directory, and sent a helper to get you. She hasn't said what she wanted."

"She's pretty badly off, isn't she?" I ventured.

Original Designs for The Home Dressmaker

Advice in the Selection of Materials and Styles for All Types Furnished by The Evening World's Expert.

By Mildred Lodewick

Description.
The design offered to-day shows an interesting interpretation of the jumper, that one-time over popular article of feminine apparel. Dame Fashion this winter is bound to accept it in its new and attractive form, style tendencies being particularly suggestive of its possibilities.

The popular use of contrasting fabrics for waist and skirt makes necessary some connecting link, which in the jumper can be supplied most pleasingly. The plain finishing of the lower edge of the bodice, which often lacks any sort of belt, and is cut to a low square or V with chemise and sleeves of some transparent fabric, achieves an effect very like a jumper, but which is credited as a bodice.

At the left is shown a design in what might be rose crepe de chine or satin for the skirt and the same color chiffon for foundation waist, with a jumper of black velvet to complete the frock. The skirt is tucked to within a hem's width of itself. To sew them in, self color chemise threads are used. The result is well worth the trouble, for the shining basting stitch is evidence of the hand work which distinguishes high class frocks.

With the bodice "cutting up" so around the lower edge, it is no wonder that the shoulder straps which are in one with it in front are buckled fast in black. The old neck line is finished prettily with a basting stitch in the chemise, and the sleeves fall airily over the hand. A band of ribbon of a deeper shade than the silk lends weight to the chiffon bodice.

At the right is a suggestion for a jumper to be made out of the material of one's suit, completing an effect



PLEASING INTERPRETATION OF THE JUMPER WAIST.

like a frock, yet being more versatile, for the jumper need be worn only when desired, leaving the skirt for blouses, silk or georgette crepe may be used for the foundation waist, and velvet for trimming and piping.

Answers to Queries.

Fashion Editor, Evening World:
I have a black broadcloth suit from last year, which I would like to make more up to date. The coat ripples around the hips and seems a little too short. It buttons up front from waist to neck with collar of fur and fur cuffs. Am twenty-nine years of age. L. C.

A seven-inch band of black velvet added to the bottom of your coat would make a marked difference. Why not change the shape of the collar to a broad rolling one, making it of velvet, edged with the fur? Velvet pockets might be used to decorate the skirt.

Fashion Editor, Evening World:
I would appreciate your advice concerning a tan serge dress which I would like to make for afternoon wear. I am tall and slender, weigh 115 pounds, have light hair, gray eyes and slight color. ANNA K.

Black velvet collar and cuffs would be pretty, with tan soutache braiding.

Fashion Editor, Evening World:
I am fourteen years old and making a simple school dress of blue serge. The waist I copied from one of your designs, with some wool embroidery on the front; but the skirt is very plain, gathered from the belt. Can you suggest a way to trim it a bit? I do not care for pockets, as I have them on other dresses. ELBIE.

Tassels of the worsted you used to embroider with could be attached along the top of the hem at distances of nine inches apart. A couple of cuffs also could be placed on the cuffs.

Fashion Editor, Evening World:
I have three and a half yards of blue, navy blue, and would appreciate advice about what to combine with it for a dress. The style of which I also desire you to suggest. I am forty years of age, tall and well proportioned. Thanking you in advance. MISS C. G.

Black satin used as shown, with trimmings of blue, small and large buttons of coral, white faille collar and cuffs.

Fashion Editor, Evening World:
Kindly, form me as to what colors and style would suit me best for a simple dance frock. Have gray shoes I would like to wear with it. Am seventeen years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, slender, with brown hair and blue eyes. E. M. L.

Dull blue or rose taffeta would be suitable and becoming. A full skirt could be trimmed with rows of silver ribbon placed at equal distances apart around the upper portion, ten inches from the belt line. A plain waist with round neck could be made with deep round bands of gray chiffon or mesh edged with silver ribbon.

HANDICAPPED By Jackson Gregory

The Story of a Tenderfoot Who Made Good Begins in The Evening World Oct. 30